

# Mohave County Miner.

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## The Klondike.

C. Green, who has just returned from the Copper river, says that the Indians on Copper river do not bring down great chunks of native copper, and if there is gold on the upper waters of that stream, it is yet to be discovered in paying quantities. "I made careful inquiry of mining men, trappers, traders and Indians, and am thoroughly convinced that there is little to the fairy stories which have been told about that country."

"The Stick Indians come down the river to trade at the stores around the mouth of the river. They are friendly, and want the white men to come into their country. They have copper ornaments, but they bought the metal from traders. White men who have prospected up the river report that they found a little fine gold, but not in paying quantities."

"About 150 men have been wintering around the mouth of the river, waiting for the ice to form so that they could go up the stream. Half of those are returning, having sold their supplies at a sacrifice. The others are struggling up the stream against tremendous obstacles. Each man has from three to five sleds, each loaded, on the average, with 300 pounds of supplies. These they are pulling laboriously up the river on the ice. There is about 18 inches of slushy snow, and it is necessary for men to go ahead on snowshoes and break a path for the sleds. Only a few miles can be made by a day's hard work. The method is to pull one sled a few miles, leave it and return for another, repeating this until all the sleds have been brought to that point."

"Copper river flows into Prince William Sound. The delta is forty miles across at the mouth, and the country there is a vast mud flat. It is impossible for vessels to land at the mouth of the river. The chief landing place is at Orca, on Prince William Sound, forty miles from Copper river, and from that point you make your way across to Alkanak, on Copper river."

"It is seventy miles from the mouth of the river up to the glacier. Beyond that little is known of the country. The Stick Indians come down to traffic, but they say they know nothing of mineral up the stream. About a year ago two white men, Duval and Donahue, went up the river about 200 miles, but they found only a few fine colors."

"A party of 100 men are now at Valdease, north of Orca, at the extreme head of Prince William Sound. Their scheme is to cross the heavy glacier which runs along the coast for a great distance, through which the Copper river has cut a channel. They hope in this way to strike in the Copper river 170 miles from its mouth. This glacier is thirty miles across. It is a visionary scheme. Hardy and experienced men, traveling light, have tried it and failed. They were turned back by great cracks in the glacier, from 50 to 150 feet wide."

"The great majority of the men going to Alaska have no more idea than the man in the moon of the hardships they are running up against."

Three steamers sailed from San Francisco this week crowded with men and supplies for the Klondike via Dyea and Skagway. No steamers or sailing vessels have been reported lost or foundered since the wreck of the Clara Nevada. Regarding the ruling of the Treasury Department in relation to the transportation of goods across American territory and en route for Klondike published last week, their essence is that a man reaching Dyea or Skagway with Canadian-bought goods must either pay brokers' fees and cost of a bond, or deposit money sufficient to cover the same at the port of entry, and then upon arriving at the British line he must send back his release of the bond or a certificate in order to get his money back, or pay \$3 a day for an escort through American territory."

Late Skagway arrivals tell of the blockade of the Dyea trail by miners and packers, who resisted a detachment of United States infantry when the soldiers claimed the right to go over the trail before them."

Stewart Menzies, the Alaska Commercial Co's agent at Forty-Mile, Alaska,

arrived in San Francisco last Sunday direct from Dawson. He and his party of five, with a boy five years of age, left Dawson January 20th, way over the Skagway trail, arriving at Skagway February 10th. He brought a sample of gold, worth \$54, which he took from one bucket of dirt from Claim 18 on El Dorado creek, in which Rudolph Neumann owns one fourth. Speaking of his trip and the recent discoveries in the now famous gold fields, he says no important discoveries have recently been made near Dawson, though rumors of rich strikes were frequent. Henderson creek and the Stewart river district give promise of becoming good camps. "We found between 300 and 400 men wintering there when we passed on our trip to the coast. Nearly all the recent discoveries of any value have been made on American territory. We had a stampede lately to American creek, fifty miles below Forty-Mile. The claims there are summer diggings. They are shallow, from 3 to 4 feet deep. The miners slice the top of the ground and take out from 5¢ to 20¢ in dust to the pan. Chicken creek, Napoleon creek, Davis creek and Walker's Fork, all on American territory, show good prospects. These are tributaries to Forty-Mile creek. Chicken creek prospects yield \$3 to the pan in average. Miller and Glacier creeks are tributaries to Sixty-Mile. They are old creeks, having been discovered in 1887, but still show good paying gravel. I had a letter from two friends of mine the day before I left for the coast, who are working their claim on Glacier, informing me that they take out 100¢ a day."

"I met Major Walsh, Commissioner for the Yukon country, February 3d. He said that he would have 40,000 pounds of provisions in Dawson as soon as the ice in the river broke up. He intends to open a trail and was on his way to Dawson to make arrangements, so that he could establish the Dalton trail on his return and keep it open and protected by mounted police. There is no longer any danger of famine at Dawson."

According to local reports, J. C. K. Van Ee, who bought the Royal mine at Copperopolis, Cal., for 400,000¢, which was reported in this paper Dec. 4, '97, bought four placer claims in the Klondike last week for 240,000¢—92, 93, 95 and 82, located on Bonanza creek "above Discovery." The first three were bought from Barnes and Dobson and claim 82 from T. B. Straven, all of Dawson. None of them have reached the bedrock. There is a demand for such property in London."

Every ship and craft returning from Skagway and Dyea brings back would-be Klondikers who, discouraged and disheartened by finding their gauzy day-dreams vanish on the first encounter with the ice and snow of an almost arctic winter, have turned again to civilization, sadder but wiser men. It is from these people that the true conditions are learned."

There are hundreds of people in Dyea and Skagway out of work, out of money and every day growing more desperate. Notwithstanding the fact that every vessel leaving for Alaska is loaded with every pound of freight the law will permit her to carry, hay in Skagway and Dyea is selling for from 60¢ to 80¢ per ton, lumber from 40¢ to 50¢ per M., fresh meat 40 cents per pound and other things in proportion. There are thousands already there who, finding it impossible to proceed, have not money to return nor the means of procuring a livelihood. Most of those who have gone over the passes this winter are camping on the other side, awaiting the spring break-up, which will be about April 1st. Recent reports also chronicle the prevalence of sickness.—M. & S. Press.

## Tales of the Day.

"What's the trouble, Bodley?" asked his old friend Whittier when they met at lunch.

"Trouble? I'm swamped. Whittier, worst mess I was ever stirred into. It's that boy of mine again."

"Nothing serious, I hope."

"Couldn't be worse if my enemies had put up the job. The boy has a camera. His mother bought it for him. He's as active as a lightning rod agent, and his camera comes mighty near being a kin-

toscope in our neighborhood. Everything is grist that comes to our mill and he has accumulated the greatest collection in amateur art that you ever saw. There's Bumpy shaving in his night shirt, Mrs. Bumpy spanking the baby with a hair brush, Miss Bumpy interviewing her fiancé in a mellow light, Jeweler in his pajamas creasing his own pants, Mrs. Jeweler in curl papers, Cronely beating a carpet in the barn loft, Miss Cronely rehearsing a bow before the mirror, old man Fooler on his knees proposing to his housekeeper, the hired girl in high tragedy as she resigns. Mrs. Prudely falling off a stepladder, the milkman bidding goodby to Henkley's second girl, Mrs. Murley's contorted face as she looked at a roast in the hot oven, Miss Smirkley receiving a down east widower, and a dozen other pictures that make up the records of private life in the block. The boy has made a free exhibition of his collection and the social temperament up there ranges a little over 100. I leave early and get home late these days."—Detroit Free Press.

## A Millionaire Socialist.

There is in New York one millionaire socialist. His name is Tom L. Johnson—one of the sharpest business men in the United States. But as he is an ardent and uncompromising socialist and an outspoken and able advocate of the brotherhood of man, the beggars that visit him in search of material assistance are numbered by regiments. Most of them, however, leave empty handed. Last week he made the following statement that is so checked full of reason and good sense that we quote it gladly:

"Being rich and supposed to be a crank, all the needy world appeals to me. Real need, of course, is not to be ignored, for a man must be human, whatever his philosophical views about charity may be. I don't believe in charity. It is merely another drink to a shaky man. What the world needs is justice and not benevolence. I shall continue to decline to give checks to eleemosynary institutions and I shall leave no money to build churches and found libraries. My family will be well provided for, but the rest of my fortune, after my death as well as before, will be spent in trying to teach people how to stop me, and men like me, from robbing them. So long as it is permitted to any man to take what doesn't belong to him through monopolizing nature's resources and the private ownership of public utilities, plenty of men of my kind will always be ready to jump in and do the s'aling. My mission is to show the people how it is done, to take what they are stupid enough to let me take, and to show them how they can put an end to the system which enriches me and impoverishes them."—Free Press

The San Francisco Mining and Scientific Press says: "Waldemar Lindgren, of the United States geological survey, in writing of the canyons of the Salmon and Snake rivers in Idaho, says: 'The little known region between Idaho and Oregon, where the Snake river and its mighty tributary, the Salmon, join in one of exceptional interest. In this vicinity lies the eastern margin of the great Columbia lava fields, the shore line, so to speak, where the molten flows were arrested by the mountain ranges of Idaho. Near Weiser the Snake river leaves the broad open valley occupying such a large part of southern Idaho and turns northward and flow across the great lava masses into a canyon, which in grandeur is only second to the canyon of the Colorado. It is an abrupt trench cut to a depth of over 5000 feet in the basaltic plateau. The deepest and most impressive part lies in the vicinity of the Seven Devils, a group of peaks rising to elevations exceeding 9000 feet on the eastern side of the river. From the summit of these there is a sharp and continuous slope of 8000 feet down so the level of the river. The exposures along the canyons show from 1000 to 4000 feet of horizontal lavas, covering a series of older slates and greenstones. The Salmon river canyon, for a long distance above its junction with the Snake, is between 4000 and 5000 feet deep. Except in its lower portion it is cut in the rocks of the older series. Granite rocks, form-

ing a large part of the great Idaho granite area, occupy a large space in Idaho adjacent to the Columbia lava. Instead of being of the archaic age, as has been hitherto supposed, the granite is probably post-carboniferous, as shown by the contact metamorphism of the paleozoic series adjoining on the north. This series of slates, limestone, schist and greenstones, says science, present the greatest similarity to the auriferous slates of the Sierra Nevadas. Round crinoid stems were found in one of the limestone lenses. Excellent exposures are found in the lower Salmon river canyon and along the Snake river. The Columbia lava flows are of the miocene age. They consist nearly exclusively of massive basalt, and are piled up one on another in seemingly endless succession. Slight differences of structure make the individual flows conspicuous, and from a distance the exposures along the canyon side appear like those of a sedimentary series. The lava flows were poured out over an exceedingly uneven surface of deep valleys and precipitous mountain ranges. The latter tower far above the summit of the lava plateau, while the bottom of the former lies below the level of the river. Coupling this evidence with the fact that the sediments in the lower Snake river valley, above Weiser, are of great depth, their bottom probably not being far from sea level, it appears that this whole area has suffered a depression since pre-volcanic times. The great outpouring of the Columbia lava evidently damned a gap between the two high pre-volcanic ranges, the Blue mountains of Oregon on the west and the Salmon river ranges on the east. This barrier produced a great lake, the miocene and pliocene sediments of which now fill the upper Snake river valley. The inland sea overflows its barrier, established as an outlet, and the mighty volume of water has worn a canyon, which eventually drained the lake."

## A Talk on Confidence.

When his son was about to begin business on his own account, the retired gold brick operator said to him: "Confidence, my boy, is the basis of business prosperity. Remember that all labor is honorable; some is more profitable and safe than others. The wise business man, like nature, works along the lines of least resistance; therefore cultivate the widow and the orphan. Do not join in the vulgar propaganda against the agricultural classes; they may lack the graces of the Four Hundred, and have eccentric theories of finance, but their money is good and easy. Never forget the courtesies of your profession or ignore its members; treat bankers and brokers with the same consideration that you do other members of our noble order. If you meet a policeman on the street, turn down the avenue; there is room enough for him and you in the great city. Study human nature. Remember that a man is constantly seeking to obtain one dollar's worth of merchandise for 10 cent' worth of value. He who accommodates him is doing a good thing. Men are constantly buying and selling our product, gold bricks. Know your man and your brick; the thickness of the plate on your brick should always be in an inverse ratio to the thickness of your patron's head. Prudence in business is an adjunct of success. While the general proposition, that men's ears are longer than their memory, is true, in order to avoid the exception to the rule follow the example of the gentle lightning and never strike twice in the same place."—Life.

## Trials of the Editor.

One of the greatest trials of the newspaper profession, says Dr. Talmage, is the fact that they are compelled to see more of the shams of the world than any other profession. Through every newspaper office, day by day, go the weaknesses of the world, the vanities that want to be puffed, the revenges that want to be wreaked, all the mistakes that want to be corrected, all the dull speakers who want to be thought eloquent, all the meanness that wants to get its wares noticed gratis in the editorial columns in order to save the tax of the advertising column, all the men who want to be set right who never were right, all the crack brained philosophers, with story as long as their hair and as gloomy as their finger nails, all the itinerant bores who come to stay five minutes and stop an hour. From the editorial and reportorial rooms all the follies and shams of the world are seen day by day, and the temptation is to believe neither in God, man nor woman. It is no surprise to me that in your profession there are some skeptical men. I only wonder that you believe anything.—Gazette.

## Possibilities of the San Carlos.

A. F. Snyder of Tucson, owner of some mining claims located on the San Carlos reservation, is enthusiastic over the possibilities of that district.

"I believe the richest mineral section of Arizona is yet undeveloped," said Mr. Snyder, in the Phenix Republican, "and it lies within the borders of the San Carlos reservation. I have prospected all over the territory, but I have never seen a better mineral district. There is not only gold, silver and copper, but there is an immense deposit of coal there. The Gila Valley, Globe and Northern will run within fifteen miles of the coal fields. The coal there is the best I have ever seen. It has not yet been determined how extensive the deposit is, but that which has been developed is of the best quality. The coming of the railroad will no doubt open up these fields, and also the gold, silver and copper resources of the country."

There is a law against carrying concealed weapons. Theoretically it is a wise and proper ordinance. But as a matter of practical fact the only persons who honor this law are the victims of the murderer, the footpad and the rowdy. The law disarms the only class who could with safety be trusted to carry weapons of self defense, and puts them at the mercy of every criminal they meet. What real service does this regulation perform in the social scheme, we should like to know. It sacrifices good citizens and it imposes absolutely no restraint whatever upon the others. It is our deliberate opinion that any respectable person who has been threatened by a crank should be authorized to arm himself and should be held guiltless if, at the slightest menace from that quarter, he uses his weapon with promptness and efficiency. The life of one useful, law-abiding citizen is worth a hundred of these pestiferous vermin, and no law should impose upon him the risk of defenselessness in case of murderous attack. We do not advocate law-breaking. What we propose is such an amendment of the law as will fit the situation. Every ruffian, crank and criminal carries his pistol or his knife. Why should decent people be put and kept at their mercy? Why should we have laws which sacrifice their friends and strengthen and uphold their enemies?—Exchange.

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